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RAN UP AGAINST WILD EARTHQUAKE

PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL TAKES DECIDED DISCIPLINARY MEASURES.

A mild little disciplinary earthquake has struck the High School the past few days, and yesterday several of the boys who have been presumably refractory ran up against the school laws. They met defeat, it is said.

The numerous members of the High School have had much to talk about recently in regard to things that have happened there. On Wednesday when the pupils gathered in the morning they found that many of their books had been carried away by practical jokers during the previous night. The books were found upstairs on the laboratory floor, and probably the perpetrators of the joke thought they would have a good laugh in their sleeves while the books were laboriously carried back and distributed. But something else happened. Principal Imel arose to the occasion calmly, it is said, and just as calmly ignored the absence of the books and announced that everybody would at once prepare for the regular monthly examinations.

All day Thursday the pupils toiled over the exams, which may have been a little harder than usual. The school authorities are mum as claims about the whole episode, but the matter leaked out yesterday. It is also said that some of the boys have been found smoking cigarettes on the school grounds, and one particular crowd of the lads are mildly accused of having taken the bit in their teeth and trying to run away with things. Some are willing to say that Principal Imel, who has been used to handling older pupils, has been almost too gen-

erously kind in his disciplinary measures and hence it came as a sort of surprise when he suddenly showed the iron hand for the school's good. Judging from several little things that have come to light most of the boys regret very much that the "fun" has been taken by Principal Imel as a sort of a slap against him. On the contrary, he seems to have won the kindest regard of virtually all those whose friendship means anything. At all events the joke seems to be on the boys thus far.

Marked For Death

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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Love and the Locksmith.

By Edward Waring.
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"Jimmie!" Little Mrs. Barron's voice rose shrill and anguished. "I don't care," insisted Jimmy Barron. "I said 'darn that lock,' and you ought to be glad that I said no more!" "It is the first time you ever darned anything I wanted you to do," reproached Mrs. Barron. "You don't love me any more, Jimmie."

"Great heavens!" cried the exasperated Barron. "Of course I love you, Nettie, but when you ask me to stop and fix this lock when I have an appointment with Chilvers at the office at 10. Anyhow, it's the janitor's business to keep the locks in repair."

Nettie turned away with a little, hurt cry. This was worse than the remark which had started the trouble. To leave her to the tender mercies of the janitor was rubbing salt in the



"I HAVE GONE TO MOTHER'S."

wounds, and as Barron gave his wife a hasty kiss and hurried down the stairs he told himself that he would send a locksmith around to attend to the matter at once.

Of course the janitor was there to make repairs for the tenants, but he was a surly fellow whose breath smelled strongly of drink, and Nettie Barron was afraid to admit him to the cozy little apartment they called home.

For more than a week they had been having trouble with the lock that Barron had added to the fastenings provided by the landlord. There was a burglar scare in the city, and apartment houses were the favorite points of attack.

Jimmie felt that, having spent the better part of Sunday afternoon putting the lock on, Nettie could not very well expect him to keep it in repair. Thus had started the first quarrel they had had since their marriage, and Barron took the car downtown feeling anything but at ease with all the world.

The Chilvers interview was satisfactory in the extreme. It was late in the afternoon when the details were concluded, and Jimmie had entered upon a contract which meant the successful outcome of the business venture in which he had engaged.

To cap the climax it had been arranged that Chilvers, who was an out of town man, should spend the evening at the club with Jimmie, so it was past midnight when Barron reached home.

The elevator stopped running at 12 o'clock, and Jimmie tolled up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Pinned to the door was a sheet of paper and on it the words, "I have gone to mother's."

Jimmie felt the cold perspiration bedew his forehead. It had come, then. He always had thought that "going to mother's" was merely a creation of the newspaper humorist, but it was true. Nettie had probably grieved over his refusal to fix the lock and had ended by going home to her mother.

Mechanically he turned and descended the stairs. He did not want to enter the deserted apartment. It was home no longer with Nettie gone. He did not know just where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do, but he wanted to get away from the place where they had been so happy together; he wanted to walk in the cool night air and to realize what it all meant to him. He was passionately attached to Nettie, and he had not dreamed that they ever could be separated.

He thought dumbly of the dark, silent apartment and shuddered. He would have to move from there and go to a hotel to live. He never could enter the deserted home again. It would be like violating the tomb of their dead happiness.

He did not blame Nettie, but he bitterly reproached himself. He knew how timid Nettie was. She had feared the surly looking janitor, and she could not even speak of burglars without a little shudder, and her husband had brutally told her that he would be darned if he would fix the door and had flung away, leaving her with only the insecure protection of the flimsy lock provided by the landlord. And this was a lock that even a child could open with the blade of a knife when the Yale lock would not work.

Perhaps the burglars had come. He rather hoped they had. He hoped that they had taken everything. It would be horrible to have to give directions

for the storage of the furniture which they had selected with such loving care.

There was a sentiment attached to every chair, and tears started in his tired eyes as he remembered the little footstool Nettie had insisted upon buying, though she would not tell him what she wished it so particularly for.

It had become her favorite seat when he came in tired from the office, and she cuddled down against his side, the golden head resting comfortably on his shoulder while he told her the story of his day. He changed his mind about the burglars. He did not want them to carry off the little footstool.

As he pondered the situation Jimmie trudged onward and gave no heed to his direction. It was almost with a shock that he found himself turning in at a gate and realized that mechanically he had walked all the way to Nettie's mother's, three long miles.

There was a light in the window of the room that had been Nettie's in their courtship days. He recalled the nights when he had passed the house just to see the light in the window and to know that all was well with her.

Now there was the light, but nothing was well. For an instant a woman's form was silhouetted against the shade, and Barron came to a sudden decision. There was an all night drug store on the corner. He would call her up and sue for pardon.

It seemed hours before there was an answer to his ringing, but at last it came, and it was Nettie's sweetly serious voice that replied.

"It's Jimmie," he said brokenly. "I got your note."

"It served you right," said Nettie severely.

"I know it does," admitted Barron. "I really meant to send a man around, but the Chilvers matter drove the thought from my head and I forgot all about it."

"You have only yourself to blame," she reminded. "I asked you hundreds of times to fix the lock."

"Only about eight," corrected Barron. "But I was a brute not to do it the first time you asked. After this you won't have to ask me to do a thing a second time, dear."

Barron regarded himself in the mirrored wall contentedly. It was an inspiration to treat the matter as though there had been no separation.

"Did the burglars get in?" asked Nettie interestedly.

"I don't think so," was the eager response. "But look here, Nettie. If I promised that I will always do the things you ask me to will you—be friends again, dear? When I came home and found that you had left me I broke down. I walked out here from our place and never realized that I had walked so far until I found myself turning in at your gate."

There was a choking sound over the wire, and Jimmie looked hopeful. If she was crying it was a sign that she might relent.

"Where are you now?" asked the voice.

"Down at the corner," was the prompt reply. "Won't you let me come over and see you, dear?"

"You may come," assented Nettie, and Jimmie tore out of the place without even stopping to hang up the receiver. He sped up the street, and a few moments later he was on the steps and Nettie was standing in the doorway to welcome him.

As the door closed behind them a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck and soft lips pressed his cheek.

"Jimmie, you're the absurdest boy," declared the little wife lovingly. "You didn't even try to get in the flat, did you?"

"What was the use when you were not there, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"You would have found out why I came to mother's," she explained. "Your horrid lock worked when I went out, but when I came home not even the janitor could make it unlock, and it was too late to find a locksmith, so I came on to mother's and left that note for you."

"And you were not angry? You didn't leave me?" demanded Jimmie.

"How could I?" she asked simply. "You were a bad boy, Jimmie, but I love you, dear."

Jimmie took her in his arms. "I want you always to love me," he said, "and I'm going to buy you a dozen locks in the morning. What is that quotation about love and the locksmith?"

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QUICK WIT SAVED HIM.

The Way a Criminal Fooled a Paris Police Chief.

In the "Memoires" of M. Claude, chief of police during the reign of Napoleon III, there is much that is fascinating to lovers of detective stories. One of M. Claude's experiences was that in which he was outwitted by a clever criminal who saw in the police chief's resemblance to Beranger when the poet was at the height of his popularity a means of escape from capture. The criminal had returned to Paris and was living as a rich student in the Latin quarter, then in the height of its bohemian splendor.

Claude thought to make an easy capture of his man by attending a certain famous ballroom at the hour when dancing was at its height. He tells the story:

"I had no difficulty in discovering him seated among a swarm of pretty girls and bewitching dances.

"Convinced there were but two ways of getting the better of a cunning enemy—surprise and audacity—I walked straight up to where my rascal was seated. I walked slowly, with steady steps, my eyes on the eyes of my man. He was a dark skinned, handsome fellow, with a face as bronzed as it was cynical. I saw by an inappreciable sign that he recognized me. He turned pale—he was mine!

"I was almost near enough to capture him when I saw him bend to the ear of one of his companions. Instantly all the girls surrounded me and stood in a feverish, excited, ardent phalanx before me. They formed an impenetrable barrier, behind which my rascal escaped, while the women pressed eagerly upon me, crying out:

"Beranger! It is Beranger!"

"The magic name presented upon the youthful spirits threw the effect of an electric spark. All the dancers of the establishment stopped dancing and surrounded me with exclamations. The students and young girls rushed up to me, some bearing bouquets, others glass in hand. I was literally covered with flowers, while the whole place rang with shouts, a hundred times repeated, of 'Vive Beranger! Vive Beranger!'

"I was aghast, and yet I understood the trick. On the point of being colored by me, the man I had marked down had recourse to this shrewd game, which must have succeeded even better than he expected. I certainly had some points of resemblance to the illustrious song maker or the whole world of students and grisettes in the Latin Quarter would not have fallen so readily into his trap. I was as bald as the poet at that time, and at all times I have had a certain good natured, sympathetic benevolence in my appearance such as the portraits of Beranger show to this day.

"Well, if the youth of Paris counter-singed the intentional error of my clever scamp I owed it to my resemblance to the poet. Though I was tricked, I was well tricked. It was not for me to own to these giddy-pates that I was not Beranger, but Claude, the policeman, the agent of all the prosecutors, judges and lawyers who under the restoration had done so much harm to their idol. I escaped from the oration, which was becoming delirious under an avalanche of flowers."

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